Numb. 60.

Heraclitus Ridens:

AT

A Dialogue between Jeſt and Earneſt, concerning the Times.

Tueſday, March the 21. 1682.

Jeſt. WHAT News from *New-Market*, Brother? How do our True Proteſtant Brethren careſs the Royal Stranger?

Earn. Many of 'em now begin to bate of their inveterate Malice (*i.e.* in their Dialect Holy Zeal) and would have been glad to have helpt him aſhore. But whether it be out of Love or Fear, I know not.

Jeſt. I know their Ill Nature, it can be nothing but pure Fear, that can make them but pretend a Reſpect to any thing that's loyal. The *Cacodæmon* of Whiggiſm (to borrow an alluſion) ſhrinks upon the appearance of this mighty Genius of our Iſle. The Villains t'other day could talk of nothing but *Popiſh Succeſſor, preſumptive Heir*, and *J. D.* of *Y.* and yet now 'tis *His Royal Highneſs the Duke of York* at every turn in words at length. And I wonder where our Aſſociating Rebels are, that *promiſed and vow'd before God to oppoſe him and endeavour to Subdue, Expel and Deſtroy him, if he came into* England *or the Dominions thereof*, &c.

Earn. Read forward in that Paper, and you'l find this was not to be done, but upon his *ſeeking by force to ſet up his pretended Title.*

Jeſt. Preſumptive Heir and *pretended Title* are words they uſe to inſinuate his Title to be diſputable or dependent. But I would fain know what part of his Title he has left behind him, which can ſuperſede the Obligation of this applauded Inſtrument.

Earn. You make Arguments for them: for ſay they, This is an Infallible Evidence, either that the Aſſociation was a feign'd thing, or that they have repented of their deſign and laid it aſide.

Jeſt. Neither ſo nor ſo: It only proves that their hearts are down, and their rebellious Project is underſtood and conſequently abominated by all honeſt men, which has made it at this time (and may it be for ever) unfeaſible. Upon the whole matter, when I think upon our Government, it puts me in mind of a Picture I have ſeen in *Tableaux de Philoſtrate*, of *Hercules* among the Pigmies.

Earn. You can't ſhew the Cut, pray tell the ſtory.

Jeſt. Hercules having kill'd *Antæus* a Son of the Earth, to whom the Pigmies were related (as the preſent Whigs are to the late Rebels) they reſolv'd to attempt a Revenge: and when *Hercules* was aſleep they aſſociated together, and choſe a band of about five hundred, who with Fire-brands and other Pigmæan Weapons ſhould attack his Head, which they were to ſtrip of the Hair and Beard, as *decora Imperii*, whilſt other little Bands of about eighteen in a pack (a kind of *Ignoramus*'s) were to run away with his Club.

Earn. Upon my word, he was hard beſet.

Jeſt. And in danger too perhaps, if he had ſlept on: but he waking and ſeeing the buſie wretches about him, rouzes and gathers up all of 'em that he could catch into his Lions skin and carries 'em away.

Earn. And what's the Moral of all this?

Jeſt. The Moral is in my Book given in a few French Verſes, which not altogether fitting my purpoſe, I'le give you Engliſh in ſtead thereof.

Riſe, mighty Prince, as thou art good be great,
Though thou haſt pardon'd all, remember yet
Thy Father murther'd and thy ſelf exil'd,
Thy loyal Subjects, becauſe loyal, ſpoil'd.
The ſame men with the ſame deſigns ſtill live,
And in the Sun-ſhine of thy mercy thrive.
Thy Senates hardly from th'infection keep
Aſſociate-Rebels into them would creep.
Thoſe Laws that ſhould ſecure thy Life and Reign
By treacherous Ignorami *are made vain.*
At laſt the Sword of Juſtice if thou'lt draw,
They'l tremble at th'effects of active Law.
Let that repeat its ſtrokes, 'twill check their Pride,
And daſh the clambring Traitors from thy ſide.

Earn. Very good, But now I have told you all the News I know from *New-Market*, prethee do you tell me ſome tidings from the Court of the Prince of *Whig-land.*

Jeſt. Nay, 'tis eaſie to gather the condition of his Courtiers from the ſtate of the other. If in a double-draught-Well one Bucket be up, 'tis certain the other is down. The Succeſs and Joy of the Loyal makes the Whigs hang their heads. One would wonder Whiggiſm ſhould receive a blow in *Africa*, and yet I ſhall never forget how ſimply they look'd when the News came of the advantages of the Kings Forces at *Tangier*. The Rebels

Rebels at *Bothwel*-Bridg were their Brethren, and they might fairly bemoan 'em; but *T. O.* fibs, or a conſiderable perſon repented that ever he aſſiſted his Majeſty againſt 'em.

Earn. Good Subject! But then you ſay, that Princes Court is but thin and deſolate.

Jeſt. Nothing there now but Campagn Coats, and thoſe moſt of 'em a little greaſie in the neck behind. Some of the *Com. Co's* or ſo, come now and then for a lick, and Orders how to manage their Votes in ſome ſlight matters. Perhaps one Proteſter in a day comes rattling in his Coach to keep his heart up.

Earn. I have a thought comes juſt now in my head, which I'le declare to you. A Gentleman to whom we are beholden meets me t'other day, and, "Sir Philoſopher, ſays he, I have obſerved "with what ſucceſs you have appear'd a Vindi-"cator of the E. of *Shafts*; but you have omit-"ted a conſiderable inſtance of his extraordinary "Loyalty.

Jeſt. Pray what is it?

Earn. You have it in the Memoirs of *B. Whitlock*, who was his Lordſhips Intimado, *p.* 680. *Intelligence*, ſays he, *was given from beyond Sea by a Spy, who wrote word*, That Sir *Anthony Aſhley-Cooper* and *Whitlock* had Correſpondence with Sir *Edward Hyde* beyond Seas: *And this Intelligencer*, ſays *Whitlock*, *was a beggarly Iriſh Fryer.*

Jeſt. I thought where I ſhould have you. A beggarly *Iriſh* Fryer! Why ſure theſe *Iriſh* men have a ſtrange Antipathy to his Lordſhip. They have been ſlanderers and back-biters of him from the beginning.

Earn. But he clear'd himſelf of the Accuſation: for the Hiſtorian goes on, Sir *Anthony Aſhley-Cooper*, ſays he, *made the higheſt profeſſions that could be of his Innocency, denying that he had ever any Correſpondence with the King, or with Sir* Edward Hyde, *or any of the Kings Miniſters or Friends, and his expreſſions were ſo high, that they bred in ſome a ſuſpicion of him, but at this time he was believed.* This was *May* 18. 1659. and in *September* 14. following, it was voted by the Houſe, *That Sir* Anthony Aſhley-Cooper *is not guilty of the Accuſation againſt him, of having Correſpondence with the King.*

Jeſt. I confeſs, I don't like it, that a mans Friends ſhould have the *greater ſuſpicion* of him becauſe of his ſtiff denial and *high expreſſions*; but perhaps they knew him better than we do.

Earn. Beſide that, the Tories urge it as a poſitive Argument, and which cannot fall but with his Lordſhips Veracity, that he was not ſo much concern'd in the Reſtitution of his Majeſty as ſome people pretend him to have been.

Jeſt. Be it as it will. We have been ſerious long enough. Haſt thou no City-News, Brother? I hear great boaſts of a mighty Whig-Feaſt lately, the Gueſts being reported to be fourſcore.

Earn. They may bate a fourth, and, may be, ſpeak true. But you muſt note, that ſome few honeſt men were hedged in by the Managers, who did not ſo much invite, as trapan, cajole and threaten thoſe whom they ſuſpected to have an Averſion to the Affair. So that this Gang contained not only all but more than all.

Jeſt. Take 'um by the heads of 'em, as Women tie Turneps, you'l have the choiſeſt handful that ever was unhang'd. I'le give you an Account of ſome of 'em, 'tis no matter in what Order, for they are againſt Order. There was *Honeſt Tumbler* ——.

Earn. Hold, Brother, though we read that *Tobit*'s Dog went *with him*, yet ſeveral Expoſitors agreeing, that he might go *with him following him*, I think it neceſſary *Tumbler* ſhould come laſt.

Jeſt. No, he's an unmannerly Cur, let him go firſt; then there was our old Straddle-breech Friend, What d'ye call him, *Saſſafras?* *Jack Thumb* was there too, and the Green-Ribband-Vintner; Another whoſe Brother was one of the Regicides, whoſe Name only commanded reſpect from the Company, and hallow'd the Feaſt; Laſt of all I'le mention the Tooth-Drawer, and the Proteſtant Cheeſe-monger.

Earn. That Tooth-Drawer, they ſay, has been ſo bleſt either by Nature or Art, that he has two things grow out of his head, juſt like Elephants Teeth, which ſerve as a badg of his Trade.

Jeſt. 'Tis no matter, they are inviſible as other mens Horns, and don't deform him in the leaſt. But I remember an odd ſtory concerning a certain buſie Cheeſe-monger, which the mention of the other puts me in mind of, he being ſuch another man. It is a great truth, and you may believe it.

Earn. Pray let's hear it, and then I'le be gone.

Jeſt. As I was ſaying then, This man of Cheeſe having his full ſhare of Impudence and Factious Principles, had once upon a time at a Common-Hall talk'd confidently and affronted his Betters in the true Proteſtant way; which made him famous firſt in the Neighbourhood where the zealous Folks choſe rather to eat Magots from his ſhop than wholſom Food from anothers who had leſs Grace. At laſt the good report of this hopeful Tool came to the Ears of the Prince of the Party, who well knowing how to cheriſh the Vanity of the Coxcomb, goes in his Coach to viſit him, but not finding him at home, ſeeks him at the Tavern, and calling him thence to his Coach-ſide, (where he was ſtartled, juſt as if he had met a great Rat in a Cheeſe) the Noble Peer bid him "be of good chear, and be active, as he had be-"gun, for the Proteſtant Intereſt, and he doubted "not but he would in time be Lord Mayor of *Lon-"don*; ſo deſiring he might ſee him at his Houſe, "he departed. This or fully to this purpoſe himſelf told the ſtory.

Earn. The Fortune-teller, I fear, is very ſhort-ſighted or elſe the *Quo Warranto* hindred his Proſpect.

Jeſt. No, he cokes'd him for a Fool, and thought he would believe it.

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